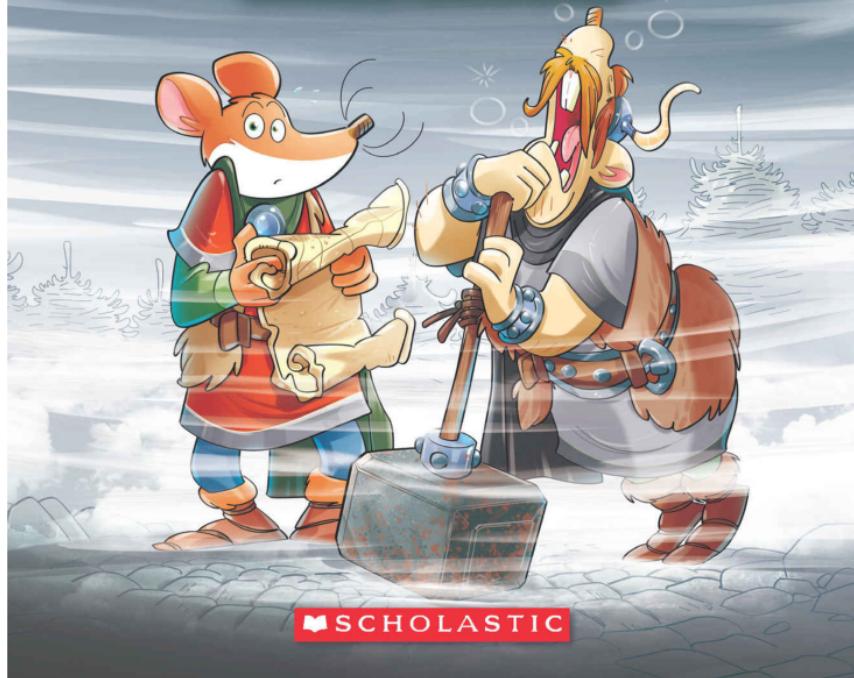




Geronimo Stilton

MICEKINGS

THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE



 SCHOLASTIC

Welcome to Far North World of the Mice!

WHERE THEY LIVE: Miceking Island

CAPITAL: Mouseborg, home of the Stil

OTHER VILLAGES: Oofadale, village of
village of the vilekings

CLIMATE: Cold, cold, cold, especially w

TYPICAL FOOD: Gloog, a superstinky b
recipe is closely guarded by the wife of

NATIONAL DRINK: Finnbrew, made of
herring juice, with a splash of squid in

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION: The d

GREATEST HONOR: The miceking heli
mouse performs an act of courage or w

UNIT OF MEASUREMENT: A mousekin
quarter tail)

ENEMIES: The terrible dragons who liv

Meet the Stiltonore

GERONIMO

A nice king to the

THEA

A horse trainer who
works well with all kinds
of animals

TRAP

The most famous mouseborg

BENJAMIN

Geronimo's nephew

Benjamin's best

... and the EVIL DR

GOBLIN THE BUTRID
dragons is a Devourer!

The dragons are divided into 5 clans, all of which are terrifying!

1. Devourers

They love to eat micekings raw — no cooking necessary.

2. Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over volcanoes so the steam and smoke

SIZZLE

3. Batters

Before eating micekings, they nibble them delicately to see if they like them or not.

4. Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around micekings and slurp them up.

5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch micekings, they rinse them in a stream to wash them off.

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A Peaceful Evening for Geronimo!

It was a peaceful spring evening in Mouseborg, the capital city of Mouse Island. A gentle ~~gale~~ ~~strong~~ ~~breeze~~ blew in from the sea. Crickets chirped a soothing song.

Sorry, I should introduce myself: I am Geronimo Stiltonord, and

I am a mouseking.

Not a very fierce,
fighting mouseking,
but a scholarly one.

Chirp!

Chirp!

Chirp!

A Peaceful Evening for Geronimo!

Ow, my back!

2

And that night

I had returned

home after a

terrible day!

ImDrming exercises,

Sven the Shouter, our village

had forced me to do 333 sit-ups

At noon, dragons had attacked

village! They were looking to l

fresh mice king me

Narrow escape!
2

bravely (well,
as bravely as
I could. I have
WEAK muscles
for a mouseking).
And after
that, my sister,
Thea, had
asked me
Oof!
to help her
rearrange all the
furniture in her house!

I was so tired that my whisk
were drooping!

So I was very happy to retreat
house for a peaceful, quiet n
included:

A light dinner of aged micek
cheese and herring soup . . .

A Peaceful Evening for Geronimo!

Reading a book of legend
the famouse miceking exp
the Furry . . .

Ending with a **soothing** cu
before bed . . .

I had just finished setting the t
heard a knock at the door.

Who is it?

A Peaceful Evening for Geronimo!

Bam! Bam! I
Why, oh why, did someone all

INTERRUPT me when
As I peered through the pe-
the deep voice of our vil-
“Open up, you smarty-me-
says Sven!” he shouted.

A chorus of micekings behind me
out,

“So says sven, the shou-
Clattering cuttlefish! How many
were out there? And what did
me?

“Well, lazy bones?” Sven yel-

you going to open up?"

You should know that Sven is **the Shouter** because he sh

A Peaceful Evening for Geronimo! loudly! And when he's angry, I could make the walls of your So I hurried and opened the the chief could shout again. A crowd of miceking warriors into the house. They took chairs, on my tables, on my bed, and on the rafters. Shivering squids, Sven meeting of the Miceking Assembly house!

The warriors whispered to one
“What could it be?” They were
mystery to solve!

Then Sven spoke, “Micekings
Mouseborg, I have gathered
for a matter of great importance.
The micekings listened in silence
leaning forward in their seats.

Sven turned toward the foreman.

Shhh!
Silence!
Listen to me!

Stocker finnbrew

factory. “Stocker! Tell us what you found.”

Stocker looked surprised.

“Me? Found? What?”

Great salty
kind of fish, was
sardines, what
this?

Stocker is the foreman of the

factory that makes finnbrew, the most popular miceking drink. He guards the barrels of finished finnbrew. He's a very slow-moving mouseking. When you ask him a question, he stares at you like a frozen codfish!

The Mysterious JUG

Sven turned as red as a pepper.
stop acting like a sea slug and
others what you told me!”
the

“so says sven the shouter
micekings chanted.

“Hmm. Let’s see,” said Stocker.
should I start?”

“Start at the BEGINNING

demanded.

Stocker nodded. “Okay, then. In the beginning,” he said. “As you night I take a walk around the factory.”

“Yes, we know,” Sven said immediately. “I check to make sure that all the

The Mysterious Jug
of finnbrew, left outside to ferment
in the sun.

Sven, have been brought inside.
“By my beard, get on with it!”
Sven shouted. “At this rate, it will
take us all night to tell it.”

Stocker’s fur was not ruffled.
He kept talking. “So tonight, during
my stroll, I noticed something in the water
by the dock. So I was

“I wanted to get a better look, and . . .”
“Aaaaaand?” all the mice kings
shouted, making my house shake.

it were made of **fjordberry jelly**

“And . . . I saw that it was an **amphora**.”

An amphora is a **clay jug** with
But what was so **importa**

What is that?

The Mysterious Jug

“I pulled it out of the water,” he said.

“I opened it. And inside I found

a . . .”

“Aaaaaaaa?” the micekings squealed.

“A parchment!” Stocker finished. “There was a

message written on it, telling me how to read, so I ran to Sven.”

“And I decided to come directly to Geronimo,” Sven said. “Now re-

message, smarty-monkey! “It’s an order!”

“So says Sven the parrot.”

“So says Sven the parrot.” Sven began to read the message:

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Well, what
does it say?

“I declare . . . to sha-
strong mousekin,
stormy
seas . . . um . . . dragon
you . . .”

“Geronimo quit joking an-

cousin Trap exclaimed.

“I’m not joking around,” he

These are the only words I can

barely make out two run-

The Mysterious Jug

“You’re supposed to be the ~~STUPID~~ **HOUSEKEEPING!**” Sven shouted.
“But, but, but . . .” I sputtered.

Trap took the parchment from
“Leave it to me, cousin! In addition
to being an **inventor**, I’m also an **expert**
at messages in bottles, secret codes,
and finding **invisible clues!**”

Let’s see . . .

* The original letter was written in runes, the ancient Germanic alphabet. This is a translation for you readability.

I declare

to shake.

strong mouseking!

sail the stormy sead,

dragon.

stinkiest

you

The Mysterious Jug

Trap examined the parchment

(forward and BACKWARD, up
from ~~then he announced his conclusion~~

Sven! The amphora probably
erased almost everything that

tightly. The salt water
here. And so . . . the original
mystery!"

A Message from KenYawner

While Trap continued to study
message, our village
floor of my house, mutter
to do next.

“Holey cheese!” Trap
cried out suddenly.

“What’s this seal
at the top of the
parchment?”

“Let me see!” Sven yelled, grabbing the parchment from him. His eyes got wide.

“Why, this is the **coat of**

Yan

the yawner

Yan the Yawner is the chief of Oofadale, where the Oofa Oofa live. He's called "the Yawner" because it's said he can yawn 1,007 times in a row without dislocating his jaw. His motto is, "Why do tomorrow what you can do next week?"

the Yawner, the
chief of Oofadale!"

Sven exclaimed.

“Salty sardines!
Then this must be a
message from him!”

Trap said.

A

LOUD

murmur rose up
from the micekings.

This could be a
very important
message!

The micekings

were jumping out
of their fur
with curiosity. They
started to
guess
what the meaning

A Message from Yan the Yawner
of the message might be, based
words I had read.

“Why, it’s clear!” declared a tall
mouseking. “It’s a challenge set
Oofa!

THEY WANT TO ATTACK

“What if Oofadale is being attacked
dragons?” another mouseking
wondered. “And Yan the Yawner
help from the **strong, brave** warriors

of Mouseborg!”

A third mouseking spoke up. “

insulting us! They think we’re
I had my own theory. “It could

Yan was just writing a ~~simple~~
greeting to a friend,” I suggested.

very well could have been a

PERSONAL

letter that was **lost** and arrived

accident. We all know how the

works . . .”

It's a
challenge!
It's ~~an~~ a declaration of war?
Insult!
If you ask
me . . .
They're asking for
help!
What do we do?
I don't believe it!
No way!
I don't know!

A Message from Yan the Yawner
But nobody took me SERIOUSLY.
“By my beard, Geronimo,
be the most **foolish** smart
in miceking history!” Sven scoffed.
“Didn’t you see the coat of arms
clearly an
official
message of some kind.
Therefore we must respond in
official
manner.”
Sven paced the room, twirling
and thinking. The micekings E-

waited to hear our chief's decision.

Sven cleared his throat.

“Our mice king honored the messengers of the village of Oofad. Help them!” Sven shouted. “We want to attack us, we must fight back with the Stenchberg cheese!

There is only one way to find out if the message really said. We will

A Message from Yan the Yawner

official expedition to Oofa

“SO says sven the

Ready
to,
go,

smarty

-mouseking?

Oh no!

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A MESSAGE FROM YAN THE YA

All the micekings cheered with
at this announcement. They hu

prepare for the expedition.

**Everyone was excited
me!**

Great stinky clams, this journe

risky,

dangerous,

and

perilous!

And I . . . I was a scaredy-mou

Mission to Oofadale!

As soon as Sven said the word
I tried to sneak off without bei
With everyone cheering, I had
I was only half a tail
from the door
when someone
grabbed
my shoulder.
I'm leaving!

Mission to Oofadale!

It was Sven. “Geronimo, you ~~S~~ jellyfish, where do you think I’m going?”

“W-w-well,” I stuttered. “I just go get us some more finnbirch and a snack. Aren’t you hungry?”

“I am hungry for adventure!”

replied. “We need to plan.”

I tried again. “B-b-but . . . I left laundry on the clothesline. Um . . .”

“Stop blabbering, blubberhead!” Sven shouted. “As

smarty-
mouseking

of this village, and the
official reader of runes,
must be part of this expedition
want to finally earn your very
miceking
helmet?”

I paused. A miceking helmet is
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MISSION TO OOFADELE!

greatest honor any mousekin
get. It is awarded to those who
strength,
courage, and
skill in battle.
But my greatest strengths are in

HISTORY, rune grammar, and
fjord geography, and no help
awarded for those skills.

But if I
did earn a

miceking

helmet,

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MISSION TO OOFADALE!

then Sven's daughter, the beau-

Thora,

might finally respect me!

With a far off look ~~day~~ about my mfeekng crush. Trap
out of it.

“Don’t **WORRY**, cousin,” he
with you on this mission!”

~~Great salty sardine~~
really in **TROUBLE**! Even
cousin Trap got involved, he u-

out one of his crazy **inven-**
used me as his official test mou-

fur every time!

“Why are you so excited to go expedition?” I asked **Suspicio**. “I’d like to see an old friend of Oofadale, **Fen Whisker**,”

he explained. “We went to the **Miceking School for Inv**

MISSION TO OOFADALE!

together when we were mice!

“He’s really nice,” Trap continued, hoping to discuss some of my inventions with him.

I groaned. Shivering squid! Not another inventor! Now I’d have to deal with two of them. Who knew what they would make me try out?

Faster!

Hee hee!

MISSION TO OOFADALE!

Squeak!

I really didn't want

to be a part of this miceking m

But I had no choice.

“I have made my

Sven thundered. “Tomorrow we will

for Oofadale at dawn. But I will

leaving this mission in the clu

of you two **cheesehea**
pointed to Trap and me.

“You won't?” I asked.

“Of course not!” Sven shouted. will

lead the mission. You two will accompany me. And we will ne

of brave warriors with us.”

He started pointing to differen

“You! Prepare the barrels of f and the crates of anchovies

“You! Pack the wheels of cheese

MISSION TO OOFADALE!

“You, you, and you, go shiny
and the shields! You, go shiny
“You, go shiny and the shields! You, go shiny
expedition will be made in shiny
miceking style!”

The micekings all replied together,

“So says Sven!

Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?

I had trouble falling asleep that
whiskers trembled
at the dangers we
might encounter.

How, how,
how did I
always end up in

these situations?

When the
rooster

crowed at dawn, I

put my head under
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

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Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?
the covers. I didn't want to go.
smarty-mouseking, not a
was Trap. Then I heard a **KNOCK** on
“Geronimoooo!
Come on, Cousin! It's time to b
mission!” he shouted.

I tried to get out of it. “Um, I
my boots anywhere. You go w
I'll meet up with you in Oofada
“I can tell when you're lyin
Trap said. “Open the do
I quickly thought of more excu

I woke up with a terrible **STO**
and I have to run to the bathro

ACHOO! I think I also caught
Cold, and didn't believe me. "No
excuses, Cousin. You c

Get a move on! Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?

make Sven **angry**, do you
By my whiskers, I
didn't want to make our village
angry! At the thought of Sven's
pawed the door. Then **grab**

READY TO SET SAIL, BLUBBER I
him. He didn't even give me a
grab my **backpack!**
“Let's hurry, Cousin! They're w
us!” Trap squealed.

He was right. When we reache

Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?
the port, we found micekings l
drekars for the long voyag
were rubbing the ships' hulls w
oil.

I gazed up at the **towerin**

Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads? commanded the majestic Hero. It was adorned with his emblems. I tried to go on board mouseking stopped me.

“Halt! There’s no more room!” he said, holding up a paw. “Find another ship.”

The next ship was the No room!

Scourge of the North Sea,

with a fearsome dragon on its prow. But another mouseking stoppe

“SCRAM, smarty-mouseking. We’re full!

There’s no more room!”

“Not even for a **small** mouseking like me?” I pleaded.

Scram!

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Then Sven shouted
from the prow of his
ship,

“^{“We said,} mice kings,
~~set sail!~~ I have to hurry!

Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?

I had **one choice** left
like it! The only drekar left wa

Olaf the Reckless,
Breath, the **shaky** tub that
And I get drekar-

“Hop on board!” Olaf called out
Oh no . . .

Hurry up, cabin boy!
Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?

you want a **free ride**

I gave in and climbed on board

~~set sail~~ for Oofadale, the hor

Dragon Attack!

Olaf put me to **work**. After I
our cheese supplies and **clean**
deck, he sent me up to the main
the lookout.

Me, who is **AFRAID OF HEIGHTS**.
The journey started off smooth

a **breeze** pushed us forward
while, though, the sky began to

A strange, oddly shaped cloud
toward us.

Was there a storm?
The cloud came closer . . . and
cheese, it wasn't a storm
was much worse!

“Dragon attack!” I shr

I see something!
What a strange cloud . . .

Dragon Attack!

The micekings on all three ship

arrows. For shields, we

and see the smoke coming
from their nostrils.

Long time ago, he locked this

“Purple Beard, look at all that
miceking meat!” he called
friend.

“You’re right, Blue Tail!” the old

called back. “We could gobble

Beast and take the othersss

“Sizzle the cook makesss a great

miceking ssste_w!” said Blue T
“I prefer them roasssted,” said
Beard.

Tasty!
Micekings!

Sven raised his fist in the air
get a taste of us, not ugly
Micekings, ATTACK!
All of the Micekings then
into the battle, fighting off
dragons. Well, almost all. I stayed
crow's nest, so I wouldn't
get in anybody's way.
Then the LOOKOUT on the

We're cooked!
Attack!
For Mousegard!

Take that!
Hey, ugly!

Dragon Attack!

of the North Sea called out to me,

“Catch this **net**, smarty-mouse!

He **tossed** me one end of the net,

“This is no time to go fishing,” I said,
back.

But I **caught** the end of the net,

and it hung between the two sides of the boat.

We've got him!

Dragon Attack!

Whoosh!

A red dragon swooped down and flew right into it!

tangled

up in the net!

“Hooray! One down!”

other lookout and I shouted.

Meanwhile, the **battle** with

dragons continued.

Yes!

I’m trapped!

Dragon Attack!

Some micekings fought bravely
bows and arrows.
Others used long oars to fend
off the dragons.

Still others **BLASTED** the
jets of icy water from the Noses.
Everyone knows that dragons like
cold water!

But as bravely as we fought, we
match for the **enormouse**,
And there, out in the **open**,
had no place to take shelter!

I scanned the horizon, looking
sign of land.

I spotted a FOGGY patch of
far off. And as a scholarly mouse
surrounded by fog
knew that O of a dale

Holey cheese, we we

Dragon Attack!

If we could make it to shore
take shelter and be safe! I
something, fast!

Forward,

Micekings!

I quickly came up with a fab

We could row at ~~TOP SPEED~~
we were ~~HIDDEN~~ in the fog
could I let the others know? If

be heard over the ~~loud~~ sound
But I tried.

“We must go into the
fog!” I shouted.

“Geronimo, don’t be a blubb-

head! Now is not the time to

on a log!” Sven shouted but
misunderstood me!

So I tried to act it out. I made
motions with my arms.

“By my beard! This is not the
50

Forward, Micekings!

exercise, smarty-mouseki

He just didn't get it!

I had to leave my safe perch. I

scurried down the mast
found Olaf and Trap.

They don't understand!

Forward, Micekings!

I quickly explained my idea.

“GOOD THINKING, sm

mouseking!” Olaf agreed.

We ran to the oars.

“MICEKINGS, FULL S
AHEAD!” Olaf commanded

The Bated Breath bolted forward

crews on the other two drekars

plan and followed in our wake
fog.

“What do those tasssty mouthf
they’re doing?” Purple Beard a

“They won’t ~~ess~~escape uss!” said Tail.

Purple Beard roared, “Follow them! Luckily, though, the **north**...

Forward, Micekings!

started to blow toward Oofada

and helped us go even faster! S

immersed in a fog as dense as

cheese.

Straight ahead!

Faster!

Forward, Micekings!

“By my breath, I can’t sssee

Tail moaned.

“I think I sssee a drekar in fro
said Purple Beard. “Let me bla

my **fiery** breath!”

He shot a **blast** of flame into

“Hey!” cried Blue Tail. “You
my tail!”

I can’t sssee!
Ow! My tail!

The dragons kept bumping
and we kept sailing through.
Luckily, we quickly arrived
at Oofadale.

We tied up the drekars at the dock, and then set out in search of the village of the Yawner.

We passed by many of the O
but they were all asleep.

mapping get him And they had
the point to the micekings!

“Where is Yan the Yaw
asked one of the Oofa Oofa.

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Oofadale: The Vi

of the Oofa Oofa

OOFADALE is a village on the south side of the island. It is almost always engulfed in a thick fog, a place where nothing ever (well, almost nothing) happens. The micekings in this village call themselves the Oofa Oofa. They're generally very lazy, and don't get much done during the day. Their official cheese is Sluggozola, which takes a long, long, long, long time to ripen.

Zzzzzzzzzzzz! Zzzzzzzzzzzz!

“Answer Sven the Shout
the micekings yelled.

The villager yawned in response.
he closed his eyes and fell asleep
ing up!

We kept walking until we got
to Snoozy Square,
the village center. Sven
walked up to another
Oofa Oofa.

“Tell me where I
can find your village
chief!” he barked.

But this Oofa Oofa
was sleeping, too, and
didn't wake up.
Furious, Sven
stomped to a small
building in the middle of the
Zzzz!

Zzzzzzzzzzz! Zzzzzzzzzzz!
square. I read the runes above
Oof Oof Oof. The
Official Tourist Offi
Oofadale.

Sven pounded his fist on the
ter. **“SHIVERING SQ**
you know who I am?” he shou
sleeping rodent working there.
you to tell me right now where
Yan the Yawner, or I’ll hav

your fur!"

I wouldn't have wanted to be in

place of that Oofa Oofa, When

angry, his loud voice can
whiskers!

The rodent opened his eyes ~~very~~
slowly.

Then he opened his mouth ~~very~~
slowly, as though he were

Zzzz Zzzz . . .
Zzzz . . .

Zzzz . . .

I need an answer!

ZZZZZZZZZZ! ZZZZZZZZZZ!

Zzzz!

Zzzz!

But he only snored.

Then I

noticed
something on the wall
of the office.

“Chief, take a look at this sign
FOG

ASLEEP

SUN

AWAKE

Zzzzzzzzzzzz! Zzzzzzzzzzzz!
It suddenly made sense. When
FOG
in Oofadale (which is most of the
time), the villagers take a mice
“There’s **NO TIME**, to W
shouted. “As soon as the fog W
will attack.

We must wake u

cheeseheads!”

We
must
wake
them

up!
They're
all
asleep!

Wake Up! Wa-
Up!

Wake Uuuuup!

Sven began to
shout
orders at all of the
micekings from Mouseborg.
“Geronimo and Trap! Go FIND

Yawner!”

Prepare for
battle!

Zzzz . . .

Wake Up! Wake Up! Wake Up!
“Wh-wh-why us?”
I stammered.

Sven gave me a stern look. “
you rather stay here and fig.
smarty-mouseking?” he asked.

I didn’t

Wait to change his mind.

I grabbed my cousin and dr.
toward the tourist office. We h.

where

Yan the Yawner
was.

We must

find

their

chief!
Zzzz!

Wake Up! Wake Up! Wake Up!
Behind us, Sven continued to
shout

orders.

“You, wake up the sleeping

You, take the young mice to
this village to safety! The other
me!”

Meanwhile, I stared at the
sleeping

Oofa Oofa at the counter of the
office. I had no idea how to w
“I’ve got this, cou
Trap said.

Then he clapped his paws right on one of the ears of the napping Clap! Clap! Clap!

The rodent opened his eyes.

“Oofa! Didn’t you (yawn) remember (yawn)? When there is fog in Oofadale, it’s time for a (yawn) nap,” he slowly complained.

HOW TO WAK SLEEPING OOF

Whenever the fog rolls in, the Oofers wake up. No matter where they happen to be: on the street, in the bathroom, in the kitchen, in the bathroom. There are only three ways to wake them up:

1

With a loud noise!

2

With a dose of fresh fruit to the head!

BONK!

**HA
HA**

HA
HA!

3

By tickling their
feet!

WAKR UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
“Please excuse my cousin’s manner,”
said. “But this a super-micromouse
emergency!”

The Oofa Oofa did not move a muscle
at this news.

“We must find Yan the Yawner
immediately!” I shrieked.
The rodent **very, very** slowly closed
his mouth again.

“Take Oofwood Road (yawn)
Way and make a right (yawn).”

“Then take the second right (yawn).”

cross the bridge, and turn on
street (yawn) on the left. The
fifth house on the right is Yan's.

“Um . . . we **hope** so!” Trap
replied.

“You won't (yawn) find him
Oofa Oofa told us. “It's **nap**”

WAKR UP! WAKE UP! WAKE U

“He has to wake up! It’s an
I exclaimed.

Trap nudged me. “Hey, do you
should ask this rodent about the
letter

we found in the **amphora**?
Yaawn!

WAKR UP! WAKE UP! WAKE U

When the Oofa Oofa heard this
suddenly

~~lit up~~ Did you say letter?

Hidden in an amphora?"

~~But I was already pulling~~ We'll worry about that later!

we have to **SAVE** your village
of **ferocious** dragons!"

As we

RAN OFF

to find Yan, we heard

a strange alarm ring through

the village.

Yaaawn!

Yaaawn!

Yaaawn!

It was Oofadale's dragon
alarm!

That meant the dragons were coming
and I had to hurry, or else . . .

WAKR UP! WAKE UP! WAKE U

• • •

we
could
become
a

dragon's dinner!

Run,
run,
run!
Hurry!

Ruuuuuun!

The fog was lifting and the dra
spotted Oofadale! Hungry
meat, they SPED toward the
was no time to lose!

Sven pointed to one of the nap
Oofa Oofa. “Wake up, lazybo
where the catapults
are, quick, or
we’ll all be
toasted like
grilled cheese

sandwiches!"

Without

opening his

eyes, the rodent

pointed to a large

70

Ruuuuuun!

building on the other side of the

Sven and the mice kings race

“By my beard! These catapults

dusty,

RUSTY, and covered in cobwebs,”

Sven exclaimed.

Then he frowned. “Let’s move on.”

RUUUUUUN!

The micekings of Mouseborg
the heavy catapults out into

By that time, the dragons were

“Now is the moment, my bold
brave micekings,” Sven shouted.
“GET READY TO ATTACK!”

“Chief, we need rocks!”
micekings said.

“You mean the catapults

Zzzz

zzzz!

Zzzz!

ZZZZ . . .

RUUUUUUN!

aren't loaded?" Sven asked. "Or where are your rocks?"

ZZZZZZZZ. The Oofa Oo all napping!

By now the dragons were so micekings could smell their ho

"There's only one thing to do,"

To
the
catapults!
Run!

RUUUUUUN!

“Ruuuuu”

The dragons looked down on the Mouseborgs. Some of the Mouseborgs were confused. Some of the Mouseborgs were fast as lightning. “Why are they sleeping?” asked. “Don’t they fear us?”

They're
ssleeping!
They're
ssnoring!
How
ssstrange!

Saved by Invention!

While Sven and our fellow mids faced the dragons' attack, Trap **searched** for the house of Yawner.

We made a right on Oofa Road Oofa Way? Then we made two and one right . . . and soon we lost as two anchovies in the b

“We were supposed to go left there, Cousin!” Trap said.

“No, I’m sure we were supposed right after the bridge!” I argued. “Then make another right? Or left?”

Great moldy mush

couldn't remember!

And while Trap
and I stood there,

scratching
our

heads, a threatening
shadow crept up
over us. We looked up and
gasped!

Purple Beard and Blue Tail, the

hungry dragons, had found
“Sssniff, sssniff,” Purple Beard.

“Do you SSSmell the tasssty arc-

micekings? It
sssmellsss
familiar . . . ”

I'll
go
this
way!

“Yesss! Look!” Blue Tail exclaimed.
that SHRIMPY mouseking who
SSSailed
away from usss before!”

“Run, Cousin!” Trap shouted.
I darted after him. He looked over
shoulder.

“Let's split up to confuse them!”
yelled.

“Wh-why? I don’t want to be
yelled back.

78

I'll
go
this
way!

But Trap was already heading
opposite direction.
“That mouseking is mine!” Pun
shouted, and he **flew** after
But the dragon wasn't used to
low. When he turned the corner,
Trap, he didn't see the big **W**
iron sign for the Oofadale bridge.
Baaaaam

Saved by Invention!

He flew into it, smashing his face
as a flounder!

Meanwhile, I was running as fast as I
could. But I ran right into a dead end.
I turned, I saw Blue Tail flying at me
with his jaws open wide!

Shivering squids, I was as good as
closed my eyes, waiting for the jaws to snap.
All of a sudden

I heard

Ow!

SAVED BY INVENTION!

Trap's voice. "Hey, Cousin! Ch
I opened my eyes and saw that
strange springs attached to his
wearing, Spring step.
HURRY, JUMP ONCE he urged.

"I don't think so, Trap! Are
you sure those things are
S-S-SAFE?" I stuttered.

Then Blue Tail

launched a

Trust
me!
Squeak!

SAVED BY INVENTION!

fireball

at me, and I didn't wait for Trap's answer. I jumped on, and bounced away.

Boing!
Boing!

Boing!

SPRING STEPPERS

This invention adds a **bounce** to your step! Thanks to the springs on the bottoms of these shoes, it's possible to jump as high as ten miceking tails.

These are not recommended for micekings who are afraid of heights!

No Time for Te

Many bounces later (SQUEAK! getting motion sick!), we arrived at the home of Yan the Yawner, the village chief. Inside we saw two Oofa Oofa,

dozing
in
armchairs.

“Greetings,

Oofa friends,” I said. “My name is Geronimo Stiltonord, and this is my cousin Trap.”

Zzzzzzzzz.

“We are sorry to wake you, but Help! How fun!

Fen is the official inventor in the village of Oofa Oofa. He attended the Young Miceking School for Inventors with Trap. The contraptions he invents are inspired by the dreams he has while napping!

we have come all the way from Mouseborg on an **IMPORTANT** matter,” I continued, but Trap interrupted

me.

“Fen Whiskersson that you?” he cried.

He clapped his paws next to one of the sleeping rodents.

The mouse’s eyes fluttered open. “Trap, my old inventing buddy, is that really you?”

“It sure is!” Trap replied. The two old friends hugged.

No Time for Tea!

“What good north wind
Oofadale?” Fen asked.

“As my cousin said, we’re here
IMPORTANT matter,” Trap

need to see Yan the Yawner rig

The rodent in the other armcha

stir. “Oofa! What’s with a
Don’t you know it’s nap time?”

At that moment a third rodent

room, carrying a tray. “Who w

tea?”

“There is no time for tea!” I cri

Then I stopped. “Hey, aren’t you from the tourist office?”
“Correct!” he replied. “My name is Snorborg.”

Then Bronk whispered in my ear: “I’m glad you finally got here.”

Who wants tea?
Fen, old friend!
What a surprise!
dragon attack!

No Time for Tea!

really need to talk about that letter you told me about earlier. The one you found in the amphora.”

“We can talk about the letter later,” Yan blurted out. “Right now, we have ~~news~~! **Dragons are attacking Oofadale!**”

The other Oofa straightened up in his chair. “**Holey cheese!** What in the world do you mean by that?” he cried.

“**Are you Yan the Yawner?**” I asked.

“**Yes, I am!**” he said, squinting.

“And are you sure you’re from Micekings there are usually very strong. You seem very short and like a jellyfish.”

“And where is your miceking?”
Fen asked me.

So many unnecessary questions.

No Time for Tea!

rodents were really getting **UP**

“Great salty sardines!” I shriek

exasperation. “There is no time

The dragons are attacking.

DON’T YOU HAVE A

DRAGON DEFENSE PLAN

IN OOFADALE?”

Essence of Sea Jasmine

Fen the inventor and Yan privately for a few minutes. They motioned for Trap and me to follow. He led us to a small hut nestled in the trees. "Welcome to my laboratory," he exclaimed as he opened the door. "It is here that I create my genius. If the answer to our dragon's

anywhere, it will be here.”

Inside the hut was what looked

Ben dove in the mountain
junk and started rummaging at

“Tell me what you’re **LOOK**

for, old friend, and I’ll help you.”

Essence of Sea Jasmine
Trap offered.

“It’s obvious!” Fen replied. “I a
for my fabumouse invention
to **defend** Qofadale from the
Wind Cycle!”

Trap and I shared a **confusion**.
had no idea what he was talkin
Then Fen extracted a **strange**
contraption from the pile. It ha
with two pedals.

“EUREKA!” he cried. “Found
The Wind Cycle

This invention can be used to create wind or to blow good or bad smells across the village. The faster you pedal, the faster the fans turn, which is why only a very athletic mouseking should operate it.

Essence of Sea Jasmine

And in this little bottle is **ESS
sea jasmine!"**

I sniffed it. “It smells very clean. Why do we need it for?”

“We will use the Wind Cycle to

scent of sea jasmine over the whole village,” Fen replied.

“I get it!” Trap exclaimed. “Dragons hate clean smells. It will drive them away.”

“Exactly!” Fen said.

“So where is the highest point in Oofadale?” I asked.

Fen went to the window and poi

I looked out the window and s
top of Mount Mattre
small hill.

“But that’s just a tiny hill,” I s

Essence of Sea Jasmine

“But that’s the **highest**
mountain in all of Oofadale!

Fen said, sounding offended.
Wind Cycle must be taken to the
top of the pine tree that grows
on the mountain’s peak.”

I started to get a **bad**
There's a Motte Mattress!
feeling. “And who,

Essence of Sea Jasmine
exactly, will take it there?" I ask
"It's obvious!" Fen said. "You ne
to get a miceking helmet, don'
Well, here is the ~~perfect~~ ^{earn'one. Good luck dodging}
those **dragons** on your wa
Clammering clams, I had a tru
miceking mission ahead o

Pedal, Geronim

Trap and I walked along the path to the PEAK of Mount Mattress, the hill in Oofadale! We carried Fen's very heavy tiny bottle of sea jam and a roll of parchment for using the Wind Cycle.

“Couldn’t we . . . puff . . . trap pant?” I asked.

“What kind of mouseking are you?” Trap asked. “Use your miceking muscles, Cousin!

Pedal, Geronimo!

Finally, we arrived at the tree. I started to climb up to get to the top, but . . .

Paffer! . pant . .

I'm falling!

Ouch!

First I stepped on
some mountain eagle
poo. **BLECH!**

Footing, slipped, and

I slipped again

and smacked my
snout on a branch.

fell on some
needles.

Squeak!

Oh no!

Pedal, Geronimo!

Finally, I reached the observation platform at the top of the tree. I could see the whole village of Oofadale!

“Get on the Wind Cycle and pedal, Geronimo!” Trap called. I had to act fast. I hopped on the cycle and started to pedal fast . . . faster! What a workout!

Pedal, Geronimo!

Ain't My tired legs were starting to f
string cheese!

Trap emptied the essence of

sea jasmine in front of
fan, and the wind spread
scent all over Oofadale.

Down below, we could

Attack!

Take that, lizard face!

Pedal, Geronimo!

see the brave mice kings bat
dragons. The Oofa Oofa had fin
up from their naps and joined
from Mouseborg.

“Where is that smarty-mouseki

Sven shouted, hurling a h
green dragon. “He was suppose
more help!”

Just missed!

Pedal, Geronimo!

“Watch out, chief!” Olaf said.

The hammer missed the green

“ANGRY dragon grabbed Sven.”
“Now to gobble you up!”
dragon said. Then he suddenly

“ACHOO!”

What happened? The dragon dropped Sven.

Pedal, Geronimo!

In less time than it takes to eat

cracker, all of the dragons were
“What’s happening?” Slat asked.

“Are the dragons crying?”

The green dragon began to wa-

“Keep my eyes open!” he

“It’s too clean!” whined a red

“Even was right!” said the blue dragon. “E-

“Stop sneezing! Achoo!”

“I can’t stand the super-clean-

“I can’t stand the super-clean-

The dragons beat a quick retreat
into the clouds one after another.

From the top of the pine tree,
watched as they fled, crying,
swerving back and forth.

101

“It worked! We did it!” Trap
Then we happily ran toward
still had to figure where that

102

The Secret of the Letter

The miceking warriors hugged
another and cheered

“Micekings work better
when they fight together!
Hip, hip, hooray!
Hooray! Hooray!”

Yan the Yawner
hugged Sven. “Thank
you for bringing that

smarty-mouseking!"

he said. "He really
saved the day."

We did it!

103

The Secret of the Letter

Then he turned to the rest of us.
friends from Mouseborg, we
you for your invaluable help.

We couldn't have done it without

celebrate, we will have
feast!"

says Man the Mawne

Then Sven approached me. "Ge

this time you acted bravely,
true mouseking," he said. "I ha

What, what, what

couldn't believe my ears. At last
receive my first miceking helm

My whiskers were
Shaking with
excitement!
104

Well done, Geronimo!
Thank you!

“First, however,” Sven continued.
He liked to find out at least what was
in that **mysterious** letter from
Yan looked confused. “I didn’t
get the letter.”

At that moment, Bronk Snorbo, a
tourist office stepped forward.
“I think I can **solve** this mys-”

The Secret of the Letter

Sven and Yan both shouted at

We order you!”

O says Sven
shouter!”
chanted

the Mouseborg warriors.

“Says Yan the Yawner!”
chanted

the Oofa Oofa.

Bronk cleared his throat. “Well,

I think it might be a love let-

wrote for the lovely Snorina.”

“Whaaaaat?” shouted Sven.

“A love letter?” yelled Yan.

Trap handed the letter to Bronk.
it?"

"Yes!" Bronk cried happily.
"But why is the official seal of Oofadale on your letter?" Trap asked Bronk.

"Because I used one of the pieces of parchment that we used

106

You, too, can read this

*The original letter was written in runes, the
alphabet. This is a translation for you read

Dear Snorina,

you have stolen my heart,

and to you I declare all my love,

when i look at you,

my whiskers begin to skake.

with you by my side,

I could be a strong mouseking!

I could sail the stormy seas,

or slay the fiercest dragon.

For you I would climb the highest hill,

or eat the stinkiest cheese.

one smile from you is all I need,

but it would be nice if I had your love, too

Bronk

The Secret of the Letter office to draw maps,” Bronk added. “They all have the official CO. I had a question, too. “Then where did you hide it in an **amphora** and throw it into the sea?” “That’s not how it happened,” Bronk answered. “You see, Snorina is the daughter of the Oofadale milkman, and every evening she comes to collect the **BOTTLES**. I hoped that she

my letter.”

“So how did the amphora end sea?” Trap wanted to know.

“That night there was a

terrible

storm!”

Bronk replied. “A blast of ~~wind~~
must have carried the amphora
and then it ~~rolled~~ rolled into the
water.” Trap’s eyes lit up. “Oh! Then the
108

THE SECRET OF THE LETTER

current brought it to Mouth Stocker found it!" Bronk nodded. "That must be what happened," he said, and then he looked at a lovely rodent who was at him. And all this time the Snorina didn't return my feelings!"

Snorina stepped forward.

"Oh, Bronk! If I had received the letter, I would have told you that

I feel the same way about you."

“You mean the letter wasn’t
a ~~call for help~~ ^{and you didn’t want to}
to attack our village? We
arranged an official expedition
in grand miceking style just for
a love letter?”

Oh,
Bronk!
109

THE SECRET OF THE LETTER

“It looks that way,” Bronk said

“Why didn’t you tell us this as as we arrived?” Sven shouted.

Bronk pointed at me. “I did try someone—that shrimpy n there.”

Uh-oh. This was not going to be “Is this **true**, Geronimo?” Sve me.

“W-w-well, yes,” I stammered.

dragons were attacking, an

“You **cheesehead!**” Sven

“First, you

failed
to figure out the letter.

Then, you could have found out
a love letter, but you didn't.

No nice king
helmet
for
you!"

THE SECRET OF THE LETTER

“B-b-but the dragons . . .” I tri

“Enough of this. It’s time for t
Yan yelled.

~~“So says Yan the Ya~~
You cheesehead!

I
tried
to
tell
him

...
Who,
me?

The Secret of the Letter

Everyone ate and talked and la-

sat outside all **alone**, think-

~~the~~ miceking helmet that I had

~~lost~~ in a matter of minutes. Would

be able to show Thora that I w-

brave mouseking?

Then Bronk and Snorina appro-

“Thank you

for bringing the letter

back to us, Geronimo,” Bronk s-

brought Snorina and me togeth-

“Even without a helmet, you a-

Brave,”

she said. “One day you will win over your own miceking love, I smiled. “Thank you,” I said. “one day, I will finally get my helmet! But that’s another story.”

Sweet!

Miceking Island

Beastgard
Gullet Valley
Feargard
Forest of a
Thousand
Scales
Oofadale
Yawning
Cove
Helpful Hills
Mouseborg

Don't miss any
adventures of
the Micekings!

Up Next:

Be sure to
read all my
fabumouse
adventures!

Special
Edition!

Don't miss
any of my

special
adven

*Don't miss any of
these exciting Thea
Sisters adventures!*

Dear mouse,
thanks for
and good-
the next

